

# SERIAL STORY

## LIPS THAT WERE SEALED

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PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with a scene at a box party. Miss Henrietta Winstanley, sister of Bishop Winstanley, overheard Banker Anky propose to Barbara Hemingway, whose brother Dan was in his employ. Dan was one of the town's popular young men. He showed some nervousness when Attorney Tom Twining told him Barbara refused Anky. Anky, the following day, summoning Twining, accused Dan of looting the bank. Twining refused to prosecute. Barbara postponed Anky to postpone starting prosecution. Twining learned of the engagement of Anky and Barbara. He congratulated both. He visited Miss Hemingway and found her almost in tears. He told her he had loved her, but feared prematurely announcing his affection. By actions alone she told him she reciprocated. Mrs. Anson Dines, wealthy widow, proposed a marriage by proxy with Bishop Winstanley. The bishop had been paying attentions to Miss Streeter. Dan consulted Twining, saying his sister was determined to marry Anky, declaring she actually loved the banker, though he could not help believing she was making a sacrifice to save him from jail. Miss Winstanley, finding a pressed rose in the bishop's book, accepted a love affair. Mrs. Dines sailed for America. Miss Winstanley informed Twining that Mrs. Dines was intent upon stopping the marriage of Barbara and Anky. Mrs. Dines arrived and Anky immediately set about to sail with Barbara for Europe the following day. In order, it seemed, to avoid Mrs. Dines. Mrs. Dines confronted Anky with evidence of his peculations while attorney for the late Mr. Dines.

### CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"I shall not intrude upon you further," she said; "but I desire you to understand that I am prepared to do all that I say I will do in case you do not yield to my stipulation. I have with me the papers which leave no room for doubt as to your guilt. Shall I give them to Mr. Twining, as your attorney?"

"I am the attorney of the company of which Mr. Anky is the president, madam," I said; "but in no case."

"It is not worth while," Anky interrupted.

Mrs. Dines bowed. "My own attorney, Mr. Dean, has examined the papers, and he will tell you—"

"If he has not already done so," Miss Winstanley ventured, as her one little shot.

"That I am able to carry out my plans," Mrs. Dines finished. "But I think you will see the wisdom in following the less aggressive course."

"You leave me no choice in the matter," he said bitterly. "I am the under dog in the fight."

"The under dog is often to blame for the fight," she said, tersely.

She approached the door, and I held it open for her.

"Do you sail alone by the Deutschland, Mr. Anky?" she asked, turning. He smiled grimly.

"I shall sail alone," he said.

### CHAPTER XI.

Once in the corridor Mrs. Dines put out an unsteady hand to her friend.

"My tablets, Henrietta. It is so annoying to be weak."

"Weak!" echoed Miss Winstanley; "you were magnificent!" She clicked open her bag and produced a small white box, whose lid she quickly slipped, extending it to the suffering lady, while I begged them to come into my office until Mrs. Dines had rested and felt a little recovered. I put Mrs. Dines declined.

"We must go to Barbara at once," she said. "Why, the poor child is probably getting into her wedding gown at this minute. Think of it! Anky will go to her, of course, with some explanation; but she must have enough of the truth from us to prevent any further mistake."

"And oh, the blessed relief it will be to her!" breathed Miss Winstanley.

"You forget that she may love him," I suggested.

Mrs. Dines spun round on me at that like a huge, laboriously spinning top.

"You think that possible? Gracious heaven, I hope not! I came to bring her happiness, not to break her heart."

"You need have no fear as to that," Miss Winstanley hastened, assuringly. "You have done her a service beyond words. You see, she has been very clever in carrying forward her part of the hideous program which she mapped out, and her cleverness has deceived Mr. Twining. I am willing to stake everything I have that she doesn't love Anky, and that she does—"

She paused, her significant glance full upon me.

Mrs. Dines lifted her brows, and, comprehending suddenly, held out her hand to me with gratifying and unexpected warmth.

"I hope Henrietta is right, Mr. Twining," she said; "I do indeed."

"You cannot hope as I do," I replied earnestly; "but I have none of her assurance, and a great many doubts"

"We shall see," declared Miss Winstanley blithely.

We went down to the carriage in silence. There we found the Winstanley coachman about to ascend with a telegram which a house servant had just brought, knowing his mistress was to make her first visit to Anky and hoping to find her there. She climbed into the carriage, opened the message, read it, went so white I was sure she was going to faint, and held it out to me without a word.

I read it with amazement and a conscience that gave me some decided twinges.

"Married!" I exclaimed. "Bishop Winstanley married! And to the Sistine!"

"What!" cried Mrs. Dines; "did I scare him like that?"

Her pallor gave way to a rush of color, and, leaning back, she laughed till her eyes fairly brimmed with tears. There was no attitudinizing about it; she was simply overcome with the humor of the situation, and I hoped earnestly that the bishop's sister would gradually yield herself to it also. At present she showed no signs of it.

"Get in," she said to me; "we can't discuss it here."

Obediently, we rolled decorously off. Mrs. Dines' hand went out and covered her friend's.

"My dear, can you ever forgive me for precipitating such a thing as this?" she asked anxiously.

Miss Winstanley shook her head.

"You—didn't do it," she murmured; "he has been—been carrying pressed roses; I suppose any one else would have known what that meant, but I—dear heaven, how could I believe such a thing?" she wailed. "And to elope—oh, Hannah, think of it, Charles to elope!"

Mrs. Dines' laugh rumbled forth so contagiously that to save me I could not help echoing it softly.

"That's just what I am thinking of, dear," she said. "To think of his imagining that he had to fly from poor me like that! It's so funny! Oh, do try to see how very funny it is, Henrietta," and she sobbed in her enjoyment of the affair.

"It is absurd and unforgivable," said Miss Winstanley austerely.

The large hand tightened over hers, and Mrs. Dines' tones became serious. "You are not to hold it against him. Promise me that. Take it out of me, but don't spoil his happiness by cursing him. I'm the one to be punished."

"Oh, by no means. You greatly misjudge her," Mrs. Dines contended. "She is calm, I grant you, but a bishop's wife should be calm. No, really, since your brother wouldn't have me, I don't know where he could have done better. Besides, she's prodigiously rich, you know. What! You didn't know? Oh, yes, immensely so. My poor little dot looks small beside hers. She doesn't talk about it, but—"

"Does she talk about anything?" I inquired.

Mrs. Dines shot me an amused glance over her friend's head.

"Silence is an excellent qualification for a bishop's wife, I'm sure, Mr. Twining; then she isn't always getting herself and the diocese into trouble. Now, see here, Henrietta, considering her looks and her reserve and her money, surely you might forgive her for letting your brother run off with her."

"It's very good of you to try to cheer me up," Miss Winstanley responded, vaguely.

"And it's downright foolish of you to hold out against so beautiful an arrangement. To my mind this is as admirable a match all round as I have known of in a very long time. So do cheer up and be glad. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Twining?"

"Most heartily, as Miss Winstanley knows," said I.

That little lady was not, however, ready to yield herself at once to the sudden situation.

"To run away!" she moaned; "at Charles' age!"

"But don't you see that it's a great compliment to me?" smiled Mrs. Dines. "Let me get that much out of it, won't you? It shows how much confidence he has in my getting what I want. You see, he didn't know what brought me to America, and, following on the heels of my proposal to him, it really seemed, you know, that I was coming to marry him, whether or no. You can see for yourself how the poor dear man must have felt. Did he imagine, I wonder, that if everything else failed I should kidnap him? Well, I forgive him even that. And I want you to forgive him, Henrietta. You must. That's a good, sensible sister. And now it's quite time we came back to our mutton. Tell the man to drive us to the Hemingways, will you, Mr. Twining? If you don't feel up to going in, Henrietta, I'll go alone, but one of us must certainly see Barbara at once."

"Then you may let me down at the Fifteenth street corner of the Square," said I. "I'll get along back to the office."

As the carriage stopped, Miss Winstanley bent forward, looking eagerly after a fast-disappearing figure.

"Isn't that Dan?" she cried. "Can you overtake me? He is the one to take her the word."

I sprang out and caught up with him within the block, although he was swinging along at an uncomfortably brisk gait.

"On your way to the house, are you?" he asked when he saw me. "It must be pretty nearly time for the wedding. I was afraid I couldn't make it in time, but I caught a flyer within the hour after I had Barbara's message."

"Miss Winstanley wants you," I said, nodding to the carriage, that had turned and was bringing up to the curb.

He was surprised to see Mrs. Dines, and greeted her with a boyish affection that must have warmed her heart.

"All on the way to the wedding?" he inquired after he had shaken hands.

"There is to be no wedding, Dan," Miss Winstanley said, gently.

He had paled before she could explain.

"Nothing's wrong with Barbara?" he asked, quickly.

"No, no; everything is just coming right for her. Get in"—with a glance toward the coachman. "We are driving to the house now, and Mrs. Dines will explain to you. Then you must tell Barbara what is to be told. We'll wait outside, and if she wants us we'll come right in. If not you must tell us, and we'll go away again. Don't you—will you?"

"I must tell you good-by," I said.

As I started off across the Square, Miss Winstanley called after me that she would send for me later in the day.

But I was too impatient to await her summons, and four o'clock found me at her door. As I turned in at the steps, the door opened and Dan came out, hurrying down and stopping at sight of me to wring my hand. He was beaming. I had not seen him so much like his old self in months, and it did his heart good. Somehow it also seemed to presage well for me. All his buoyancy had returned, and he was once more the charming, irresistible fellow we all loved.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



"To Run Away!" She Moaned; "at Charles' Age."

ished, for anybody can see that the hastening is entirely due to me. I suppose if I had any vanity I'd be getting my punishment right now, but, unfortunately, my sense of the humorous outweighs my vanity and I can only—only—oh, Henrietta, for goodness' sake, laugh!"

A faint—a very faint twinkle lit in Miss Winstanley's hurt eyes.

"It is absurd for him to run away from us like this," she said. "For you know, Hannah, I was arrayed with you."

Her friend nodded warmly, laughing over her face and in and out among the copious chins.

"She is really a charming girl," I put in.

"Who is she, anyway?" asked Mrs. Dines. "To think of my not asking that before!"

"Miss Streeter," said I; "a cousin of Mrs. Jack Anky."

"Not Cecelia Streeter! You don't tell me! Why, Henrietta, dry your eyes; this match was made in heaven. She was born for the bishopric. Think how she looks the part."

"So I am always reminding Miss Winstanley," I ventured.

"Then that's all she ever does," wailed her sister-in-law miserably.

## In Praise of Georgia Grub

Macon Man Waxen Eloquent Over the Excellence of the Eating Common in His Territory.

"Come down in the goober fields of Georgia if you want to know what good eating is," said Mr. James Jackson of Macon, Ga., to a reporter of the Washington Post. "Did you ever eat a possum stuffed with goobers and sweet potatoes, with corn pone and gravy on the side, topped off with ice-cold buttermilk right from the springhouse? If you haven't, you have missed something," declared Mr. Jackson. "You can talk about your corn-cake duck, your terrapin, and your turtle soup, if you think that is the finest of fare here, but wait until you eat what I have described. Or try a fat turkey, cooked with chestnuts, like only one of 'before de war' black 'mammas' can prepare it. The goober

country in Georgia is the most prosperous and contented anywhere in the south," continued Mr. Jackson. "The people down there are extraordinarily hospitable, and no stranger traveling through the country can possibly get away from the farmers, who will insist that the traveler stop and stay over night to enjoy some of that celebrated eating. When you come that way, if you ever do, I will show you what sure enough 'grub' is."

An Alluring Prospect.

"So you think you would like to journey in Africa?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I fancy it would be a sweet relief to travel in a country where there are no overworked railway ticket sellers, nor Pullman porters, nor hotel clerks, nor head waiters."

## STRUGGLE ON STEEPLE'S TOP

Truly Remarkable Story of Strength and Pluck Credited to Climber.

Steeple jacks often find themselves in tight places while exercising their perilous profession. Joseph Smith, famous throughout England as the "Lancashire Steeple Jack," and whose business is so prosperous that he travels about the country in a private car, told the writer the following exciting episode in his career:

He and his mate were engaged at the top of a lofty factory chimney, 200 feet in height, when his mate suddenly went raving mad and tried to commit suicide by leaping over the top. As the madman went over Smith caught him by the ankle, and, notwithstanding the maniac's plunging and kicking, Smith held bravely on.

Leaning over the platform he endeavored with his disengaged hand to reach the belt which all steeple jacks wear around the waist, but he could not manage it. Presently the crowd who had assembled saw the struggling body slowly, by sheer strength, raised till the belt came within reach. The madman, finding his efforts at self-destruction being thwarted, turned on his preserver and bit his thumb to the bone.

He was, however, despite his struggles, drawn upon the platform, and then began another terrible struggle. Many were the conjectures among the crowd as to the meaning of the fearful scene at the top of the chimney, one individual, who "seed it aw," asserting positively that "they've been wrestling and feighting, and Smith threw t'other, who went o'er th' edge o' t' stage."

Suddenly Smith raises his hand and delivers a blow with the hammer on the head of the man he has just lifted out of the reach of death! There is no more struggling. The man is quiet enough now!

The crowd looked at one another in amazement, wondering what it all means. "Mit as well 'ave dropt 'im to t' foot of t' chimney as knock 'is brains out w' a 'ammer," says one man grimly. Smith is standing up working at his ropes. He kneels down, and in a few minutes the head and shoulders of his companion are hanging over the edge of the stage, Smith having attached a rope to him. The next moment he pushes him off and slowly lowers him to the ground.

There is a rush to the foot of the chimney. "He's dead!" passes through the crowd. A doctor is soon in attendance. Smith descends rapidly to the ground with a smile on his face, actually laughing. "How is he, doctor?" he asks. "He's very bad," is the reply. "I don't think, however, the blow has done more than stop his struggles. He's still in the fit."

Purest English in America.

Prof. George L. Raymond of the George Washington university of Washington has been revisiting London after 44 years, and he brings back the report that he is more firmly convinced than ever that the purest English is spoken in America. He said, to quote him directly:

"I find that England is still full of dialects, and that Englishmen of education mispronounce the English language. In Westminster Abbey I heard a preacher mispronounce four words within five minutes. In America we keep to the standard of the language. We pronounce according to the dictionary, to which everybody refers. In England it seems to be a common practice to mispronounce words deliberately."

It Really Happened.

"Jimmy," said the teacher, "what is the shape of the earth?"

"I dunno, teacher."

"Well, what is the shape of the cuff buttons your father wears to church on Sunday?"

"Dey are square, teacher."

"How about the ones he wears on week-days?"

"Dey are round, teacher."

"Well, then, what is the shape of the earth?"

"Square on Sundays, and round on week-days."

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

NATIONAL STOCK YARDS, ILL.—Cattle—steers, 4.90@5.00; cows and heifers, 3.50@4.00; stockers and feeders, 3.50@4.00; calves, 5.25@5.50 per head; Texas steers, 3.50@4.00; Texas cows and heifers, 3.25@3.50; Hogs—Mixed and butchers, 7.00@7.50; good heavy, 7.50@8.00; rough heavy, 7.40@7.65; light, 7.70@7.85; pigs, 6.75@7.50. Native sheep and muttons, 3.25@4.40; lambs, 5.75@7.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Cattle—Beeves, 3.80@4.10; Texas, 3.80@4.35; western, 4.25@4.70; stockers and feeders, 3.00@3.50; cows and heifers, 2.00@2.75; calves, 5.25@5.50. Hogs—Light, 7.35@7.90; mixed, 7.40@8.10; heavy, 7.45@8.15; rough, 7.45@7.65; yorkers, 7.70@7.85; pigs, 6.50@7.50. Sheep—Natives, 2.50@4.25; western, 2.75@4.30; lambs, 4.50@4.80; lambs, 4.50@1.35; western, 4.75@7.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Cattle—Native steers, 4.50@5.00; southern steers, 3.25@4.75; southern cows, 2.50@4.00; native cows and heifers, 2.25@3.50; stockers and feeders, 3.15@4.00; bulls, 2.75@3.00; calves, 3.50@5.50; western steers, 3.80@4.40; western cows, 2.75@4.50. Hogs—Heavy, 7.00@7.55; packers and butchers, 7.00@7.50; light, 7.50@7.70; pigs, 6.25@7.15. Sheep—Muttons, 4.00@5.00; lambs, 6.00@7.25; range wethers and yearlings, 4.00@4.25; range ewes, 3.00@4.75.

GRAIN.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.14@1.15; No. 3 red, 1.09@1.10; No. 2 hard, 1.02@1.03; No. 3 hard, 98¢@1.01; No. 4 hard, 95¢@1.00. Corn—No. 2, 61¢@61½¢; No. 3, 60¢@60½¢; No. 4, 59¢@59½¢; No. 5, 58¢@58½¢; No. 6, 57¢@57½¢; No. 7, 56¢@56½¢; No. 8, 55¢@55½¢; No. 9, 54¢@54½¢; No. 10, 53¢@53½¢; No. 11, 52¢@52½¢; No. 12, 51¢@51½¢; No. 13, 50¢@50½¢; No. 14, 49¢@49½¢; No. 15, 48¢@48½¢; No. 16, 47¢@47½¢; No. 17, 46¢@46½¢; No. 18, 45¢@45½¢; No. 19, 44¢@44½¢; No. 20, 43¢@43½¢; No. 21, 42¢@42½¢; No. 22, 41¢@41½¢; No. 23, 40¢@40½¢; No. 24, 39¢@39½¢; No. 25, 38¢@38½¢; No. 26, 37¢@37½¢; No. 27, 36¢@36½¢; No. 28, 35¢@35½¢; No. 29, 34¢@34½¢; No. 30, 33¢@33½¢; No. 31, 32¢@32½¢; No. 32, 31¢@31½¢; No. 33, 30¢@30½¢; No. 34, 29¢@29½¢; No. 35, 28¢@28½¢; No. 36, 27¢@27½¢; No. 37, 26¢@26½¢; No. 38, 25¢@25½¢; No. 39, 24¢@24½¢; No. 40, 23¢@23½¢; No. 41, 22¢@22½¢; No. 42, 21¢@21½¢; No. 43, 20¢@20½¢; No. 44, 19¢@19½¢; No. 45, 18¢@18½¢; No. 46, 17¢@17½¢; No. 47, 16¢@16½¢; No. 48, 15¢@15½¢; No. 49, 14¢@14½¢; No. 50, 13¢@13½¢; No. 51, 12¢@12½¢; No. 52, 11¢@11½¢; No. 53, 10¢@10½¢; No. 54, 9¢@9½¢; No. 55, 8¢@8½¢; No. 56, 7¢@7½¢; No. 57, 6¢@6½¢; No. 58, 5¢@5½¢; No. 59, 4¢@4½¢; No. 60, 3¢@3½¢; No. 61, 2¢@2½¢; No. 62, 1¢@1½¢; No. 63, 0¢@0½¢; No. 64, 0¢@0½¢; No. 65, 0¢@0½¢; No. 66, 0¢@0½¢; No. 67, 0¢@0½¢; No. 68, 0¢@0½¢; No. 69, 0¢@0½¢; No. 70, 0¢@0½¢; No. 71, 0¢@0½¢; No. 72, 0¢@0½¢; No. 73, 0¢@0½¢; No. 74, 0¢@0½¢; No. 75, 0¢@0½¢; No. 76, 0¢@0½¢; No. 77, 0¢@0½¢; No. 78, 0¢@0½¢; No. 79, 0¢@0½¢; No. 80, 0¢@0½¢; No. 81, 0¢@0½¢; No. 82, 0¢@0½¢; No. 83, 0¢@0½¢; No. 84, 0¢@0½¢; No. 85, 0¢@0½¢; No. 86, 0¢@0½¢; No. 87, 0¢@0½¢; No. 88, 0¢@0½¢; No. 89, 0¢@0½¢; No. 90, 0¢@0½¢; No. 91, 0¢@0½¢; No. 92, 0¢@0½¢; No. 93, 0¢@0½¢; No. 94, 0¢@0½¢; No. 95, 0¢@0½¢; No. 96, 0¢@0½¢; No. 97, 0¢@0½¢; No. 98, 0¢@0½¢; No. 99, 0¢@0½¢; No. 100, 0¢@0½¢.

## DIFFERENT.



Mr. Wholesale (indignantly)—What's that? You say the cash is not correct, I always thought that bookkeeper was a rascal, and was robbing me.

Expert Accountant—The cash is \$50 over, sir.

Mr. Wholesale—O, well, just give me that and say nothing to him about it. Perhaps he's forgotten to draw some of his salary.

Embarrassing.

Not only the houses of the Mexicans, but whatever you admire is yours. If you express a sentiment of approbation of anything, the owner at once says: "Senor, it is yours;" but he simply intends something flattering, and you are therefore not expected to accept anything that is offered to you. An amusing story is told of Sir Spencer St. John, the English ambassador, which illustrates how this national courtesy often provokes embarrassment. Sir Spencer, who is a gallant old bachelor, was promenading with some ladies in the park, when he met a nurse girl with a bright-eyed baby. The ladies stopped to admire the little one, and Sir Spencer asked whose child it was. "Senor, it is your own," replied the nurse, with a courtesy. Sir Spencer has never inquired as to the parentage of pretty children since.

A Lay Matter.

"Would you like the floors in mosaic?" asked the architect.

The Springfield man looked dubious.

"Would you like the floors in mosaic patterns?"

"I don't know so much about that," he finally said. "I ain't got any prejudice against Moses as a man, and maybe he knew a lot about the law. As regards laying of floors, though, I kinder think I'd rather have 'em unsectarian."—Harper's Weekly.

Father Was an Invalid.

It had been a hard day in the field, and father and son were very hungry. The only things eatable on the table were 12 very large apple dumplings. The father had consumed ten while the boy was eating one, and then both reached for the one remaining.

"Son," pleaded the father, "you wouldn't take the last apple dumpling from your poor sick pa, would you?"—Success Magazine.

Beautiful Structures Dreams Realized.

Every beautiful structure is the dream of the architect. St. Paul's is but a dream of Christopher Wren. Without the dreamers the world would be a dull place. Dreamers lifted it out of the darkness of barbarism and ignorance and placed it in the white light of civilization and knowledge.

Her Sad Finish.

"Did you ever know a girl to die for love?"

"Yes."

"Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?"

"No; she just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."

Smokers find Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar better quality than most 10c cigars.

Crude.

"This is crude," said John D. as he tasted oil in the milk.—Cornell Widow.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

A little learning makes a bore doubly tiresome.

## Remedies are Needed

Were we perfect, which we are not, medicines would not often be needed. But since our systems have become weakened, impaired and broken down through indiscretions which have gone on from the early ages, through countless generations, remedies are needed to aid Nature in correcting our inherited and otherwise acquired weaknesses. To reach the seat of stomach weakness and consequent digestive troubles, there is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a glyceric compound, extracted from native medicinal roots—sold for over forty years with great satisfaction to all users. For Weak Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Stomach after eating, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Belching of food, Chronic Diarrhea and other Intestinal Derangements, the "Discovery" is a time-proven and most efficient remedy.

The genuine has its outside wrapper the Signature

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

## The Wizard of Horticulture

Hon. Luther Burbank

says: "Delicious is a gem—the finest apple in all the world. It is the best in quality of any apple I have so far tested."—and Mr. Burbank knows

Delicious is but one of the hundreds of good things in Stark Trees—the good things you should know about before you plant this fall or next spring.

Let us tell you about them by writing today for our complete, illustrated price-list-catalogue which describes our complete line of fruit trees, ornamentals, etc.

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in each county of this state to sell Stark Trees on commission. No previous experience necessary. The work is pleasant, clean work, highly profitable, and the positions are permanent to the right men, who apply immediately.

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